So uh....hi. All of what you're gonna read here is gonna be all about **ME*** . Now generally , I don't really like to talk about myself , or , generally think about myself all that much. It tends to make my head hurt. Life's easier when you don't have to think about yourself , your fault an problems. It's easier to think about others , to get immersed in a world that's not yours to own. To critique and to judge. You know, as i'm writing this paragraph , I'm realising thats this (referring to my judging habit) is something I need to go deeper into. **wow**

So why am I here? Out of my comfort zone. Doing something I don't like. Exploring uncharted Territories. Why? Because someone I know pointed something out. He said that he didn't know jack shit about me (true btw). And that kinda forced me to think about it. I don't know why but I never really did before. People have said similar stuff to me before but honestly , i never had any fucks to give about it. I dunno why I care(?) suddenly , maybe something that happened to me recently? Hopefully I'll figure that one out sometime soon. Eh , whatever keeps me busy.

Let's get into it I guess.

Who Am I?

A question for the ages. It's a question , the answer to which I only have bits and pieces of . Like a puzzle , waiting to be put together (except youre lazy and dont have half the pieces). It's something I hope to figure out more and more as I grow as a person. But I need to fill this section up so here we go....

A Brief History

Hi , I'm Ujaan Chatterjee. I'm gonna be 16 In about a month. My birthday is on 11th of may. I was born in 2009 , in Tripolia Hospital back in Patna where my parents lived at the time. I lived there for about 6 months after my birth until my dad got transferred. After that we moved to Lucknow. I love that city , it's peaceful ,quiet and friendly. And i spent most of my life (till now) there. It was pretty chill i guess. I went to a pretty good school , made a few friends (I think?). It's the place where I got most of my mannerisms and habits , my accent , my dialect etcetera. I spent my quarantines days there . It was pretty fun . But good times rarely last. (Insert sob story here)

My dad then got transferred again to Hyderabad , the city of biryani and ego , when I was in 8th grade. That's where I've been the past few years. I go to a ..... School (?). I have friends. A social life (i think). I live in a preety good house in a good neighbourhood and have good neighbours. Basically , written jackpot.

A week ago , I finally finished my 10th board exams. For the past week all I've done is laze around. Now that puts our timeline to the present day.

Me : Some Traits

1. I'm gay

Yep. It's true . I'm into men. Have you seen them? Sheesh. Seriously though , I feel that my sexuality is a defining factor in making me who I am . If i didn't melt everytime i saw a hot guy , would i even still be me? Not really more to say here. I'm just gay as fuck. It's whatever.

2. Hyperfixations

It's a habit I have , to get hyperfixated on stuff. Whether it be games , or a show perhaps , a skill. Anything really. I don't just *play* a game; I become a walking encyclopedia of its lore, mechanics, and obscure trivia. I don't just *watch* a show; I analyze every frame, memorize character backstories, and suddenly feel morally obligated to convert my friends into fans. Learning a skill? Say no more. I'll spend hours researching the best techniques, buying unnecessary equipment, and watching YouTube tutorials at 2 AM, convinced I'll be a prodigy by morning. And then, just as suddenly as it began, the hyperfixation disappears. One day I'm obsessed, the next I couldn't care less. The once all-consuming passion? Abandoned. Forgotten. A relic of a past life. Until, of course, the next fixation comes along and the cycle begins anew. Honestly, it's a talent at this point.

3. Procrastination (YAYYY)

Procrastination is my toxic soulmate. I *intend* to work, I really do—but suddenly, reorganizing my bookshelf, scrolling memes, or brainstorming elaborate **Steven Universe** OCs feels *urgent.* ! tell myself I work best under pressure (a lie), so I push tasks to the last second. Then, in a caffeine-fueled panic, I type like my life depends on it, swearing *never again.* But let's be honest with ourselves here—I'll be right back here next time, staring at a blank page where my work was supposed to be or else at a grossly dirty room, wondering where all my time went and why my work isn't done. Because watching a few extra reels seemed fun.

P.S. Its taken me over 4 hours to write this

4. Awkward ME

Ah yes, social interactions—my own personal horror game. I try to be normal, I really do, but somehow, my brain malfunctions *exactly* when I need it most. Someone says "Hi," and I respond with "Good, how are you?" as if that made any sense. I think of a witty reply? Too late. The conversation ended five minutes ago. But the real fun begins *after* the interaction. I will replay that one awkward moment from three years ago like it's the season finale of my own personal cringe documentary. The worst part? No one else remembers it. But *I* do. And I will carry that embarrassment with me *forever.*

5. Cool? Who? ME?

The harder I try to be effortlessly cool, the more the universe works against me. I'll lean against a wall? *Miss* and nearly fall over. Try to flip my hair dramatically? It gets stuck in my glasses. Attempt a smooth one-liner? My voice cracks like I'm in a coming-of-age movie. And don't even get me started on laughing at jokes—I either do the weirdest, most unhinged laugh known to humanity or let out a sharp, unexpected snort. Either way, my shot at being mysterious and cool? *Gone.*

People of MY Life

1. Divyanshu

[REDACTED] P.S. : Hah you thought. Ain't no way I'd let you read this part you bastard.

2. Anushree

I could go on and on. I met Anushree back when I was writing my finals in 7th grade. We didnt really talk to each other during the exams but on the last exam. Which was art. She drew something called the wither flower. Now I thought it was a minecraft reference, so i asked her about it . And this girl says , "I dont play shitty games like that". At that point the minecraft kid inside me kinda got triggered and I asked her what kinda games she played. To which she replied , Genshin Impact. My other favourite game. Im pretty sure she didnt expect me to play it as well. Well, I did and it kinda spiralled from there.

Ive been thinking about her quite alot lately She's been going through a really tough time. She's a tough gal though andi I'm sure she'll pull through. Im worried nonetheless. To be honest, her family sounds like shit. No more remarks on them. She's also dating this guy and they seem like they really like each other. They've been through a few rough patches but for her sake ,i really hope it works out for them.

Since I know shes having a rough time , for now im trying to make every moment she talks with me unserious. Personally , i think shes already had enough seriousness for now. If talking to me gets her mond off of troubles then ig its worth it.

We've been playing games a lot recently. I love it. Its like getting two birds with one stone. I get to have fun with her while also getting insight on her life and subtly show my support for her and give my advice without it sounding serious. Otherwise it just feels like I'm risking everything. What if she thinks I'm controlling her or something. Plus , as I said before , I don think any more seriousness would be healthy for her.

Really wish I could be there for her other than through a screen. I really hope she feels better soon. {I'll add more on her soon}

3. Bhargavi

She was a friend. The best one I'd got. Ever. Periodt. But in regular me fashion , i fucked it up. We met during a zoom call. She asked a guy about his Uchiha clan pfp and I joined the convo. And soon we were texting all the time. It was insane. We liked all the same stuff. Had pretty much the same opinions about everything . It was iconic. But when I moved to another city , things just changed , My nr\ew schedule was tighter than ever and I'd barely ever had any time. And I think I just got selfish. I barely ever put any work into what we had built. I had certain misconceptions about the kind of friends we were. And before we knew it , she was always the one reaching out. I made mistakes and lost a friend. I've learnt now. Won't repair jack shit but it'll save me in the future. Dunno if we'll ever talk again. Im pretty sure she doesnt want me reaching out. If she did , I would. I'd kill for it ngl. But I don't really think i DESERVE A SECOND CHANCE. Whatever. Im not really in the kind of headspace to write about this right now. But for a conclusion , I'm working on me and my underlying problems. I dont wanna lose people like this again.

4. Pratik

One Word. EW. This guy is only here because I needed to add a few more numbers. His opinions suck and his humor too. Anushree can vouch for me on this, He's just a misogynistic , bigoted bastard. Though i'll admit, I did have some fun times with him. Completely overshadowed by his crap behaviour though.